

Skygac's Column

Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's editorial writer says, "Our recent trouble with Russia was due to the fact that bankers who bought Russian bonds and expected to make a fat profit found they were going to lose all." Quoted from Chicago Herald-Examiner of April 5th. It is all too true—yet up in Minnesota some few years ago there was a gang tried to mob me for making the statement that soldiers were not expected to fight for their own interests but for the interests of those who controlled the state, the capitalists, bankers and politicians! Our penal institutions, 'guess we have a right to call them ours—our class builds and inhabits them—are full today of men who made similar statements, but unfortunately who did not have the backing, the money the "pull" to get away with it as does Brisbane.

Imagination is more convincing than reality. That is why the imaginary atrocities of the Bolsheviks became known throughout the world while the reality was a noticeable lack of atrocities.

All men are liars, concluded the prophet of old, but few there be who are so convincingly successful at it as the minister who sees his chances for a livelihood slipping with every advancing step of science. The dirtiest lies about Russia nearly always appear with the name of some Reverend attached to them.

From the evidence submitted, one would infer that the Irish (some of them) consider Easter as an appropriate time to rack the shell of something else besides eggs!

"No sooner had the rebels laid down their arms than the government troops opened fire upon them with machine guns"—from a report of the German situation. Well, maybe in time the proletariat will learn that it is a great tactical blunder to allow the bourgeois to have control of the arms and ammunition and keep the proletariat disarmed. Here in U. S. A. our forefathers saw this point clearly and wrote into the constitution, "The right of the citizen to bear arms shall not be denied."

Since the armistice, workers leaving for Europe have taken more than half a billion dollars with them and there is another half billion ready to go as soon as passports can be arranged. In return for this the American employer gets war widows and girls. Over seventy percent of the new immigrants are women and girls. Men leaving and women coming. See the day of cheaper wages for Americans in sight? You will later if you don't now. There is only one other alternative, social revolution. One or the other is bound to happen.

Considering the high price of everything, it must have taken a vast number of men to save a half billion dollars.

Why are the workers returning to Europe? "Ask Palmer, He Knows."

In the 1860s Congress gave the railroad interests every other quarter section for a space of twenty miles on each side of the railroad in the Western states. Most of it timber land. Now, sixty years later, lumber sells for from one to two hundred dollars a thousand feet. Standpatters are not expected to see any competition!

To you who are making much mouth-noise about law and order, did it ever occur to you that the law we have is an inheritance from another social order; that it was built to conform with the needs of a social order that has passed, and is utterly unable and unadapted to cope with the complexities and miseries and injustices of the modern industrial world?

A change in the economic base of any society necessitates a change in

the laws and governments of that society. Let us not fail to go forward with evolution, rather than strive to eddy in the stagnant thought of yesterday.

When there is so much knowledge in the world, knowledge which has been acquired at the cost of time and labor and love, don't you feel a bit guilty to be content to amble through existence as the firefly does "with its headlight on behind"?

Suppose that when you started to acquire knowledge you had been given the elementary rudiments of science instead of the fable of Adam and Eve, where would you have been, intellectually speaking, today?

There is no hope for the boneheads of yesterday—but the coming generation—what a wonderful field to cultivate! We can begin there to rectify the mistakes of past generations.

"Science is higher development of common knowledge," says Spencer. Hence if science is repudiated, all knowledge must be repudiated with it.

Science gives a true instead of a false conception of the correlation of facts.

"Thy faith, why false? My faith, why true?" Nothing—except mine is provable.

Complete liberty of speech will eventually triumph in spite of all legislative attempts to suppress it. The Democratic party will not always remain in power.

People long since discarded the theory of the Divine right of Kings. How long will it be before they discard the equally foolish idea of the divine right of governments?

I used to think I was an anarchist until I found out that anarchists refuse to submit to the subordination of individual actions to social requirements.

"Of all antagonisms of belief, the oldest, the widest, the most profound and the most important, is that between Religion and Science."—Spencer.

Fortunate indeed is he who can adapt himself to the constantly recurring changes in the requirements of existence, for he who cannot or will not adapt himself is foredoomed by inexorable law to perish. Consider the dinosaur.

Inquiry is ever in the lead of information and whatever your stock of information may be your stock of inquiries will be greater.

Science monopolizes the whole sphere of experience. All beyond the sphere of experience is Religion's stamping ground.

The scientific explanation of Religion is reasonable, but did you ever hear a religious explanation of Science?

Religion is founded upon faith. Science is founded upon fact. Science can not recognize beliefs but religion has to recognize facts. Which will ultimately win?

Each succeeding generation finds science increasingly stronger and religion weaker. Truth eventually conquers error.

When representative government is killed, autocracy or democracy takes its place. New York killed representative government hoping to substitute autocracy in its place—but is more likely to get soviet rule!

Soviet Rule. Rule of for and by the people!

Awful! Awful! That is if you are an autocrat. But if you are a proletarian—

"The Mediumship of Farmer Riley"

By SYDNEY FLOWER, LL. D.

This is a book of sixty large magazine pages, in which is related in detail the observations of the author during a two weeks' stay at the home of the medium, James Wesley Riley, better known as "Farmer Riley," near Marcellus, Mich. If you have ever asked yourself the question, "Does man live beyond the grave?" a perusal of this book may perhaps assist you in the formulation of an intelligent answer. The book is as interesting as a romance. In his investigations Mr. Flower rigidly adheres to a program which absolutely precludes all possibility of physical agency in the production of the manifestations. The following synopsis will convey a general idea of the manifestations occurring during this remarkable investigation of psychic phenomena:

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Some History and Senator Fall

— By T. E. Pendergrass —
"Six Righteous Reasons Why American and Mexican Workers Should Spill Each Others Blood," in issue of Feb. 27th impels me to add some of my experiences on that important subject, also personal knowledge of the early history of one A. B. Fall, the impartial and "disinterested" Senator from Texas, who represents New Mexico, and who has recently been gathering evidence as to conditions in Mexico.

Mr. Fall A Bit of History.

The writer has known Mr. Fall for twenty-five years or more, that is, up to the time he became politically and socially "famous", at which time he arose beyond our humble station in life.

In our younger days, in the hey-day of the West, when the saloon and the gambling house were the social center for the male members of the tribe, we have spent many pleasant hours straining our eyesight, looking for two pair, three aces or a full hand in the effort to drag fourth the long green from each other, or some other unwholesome member of the round table fraternity.

The scene of most of these sittings were in the towns of Tularosa and San Crueses, N. M., the latter then being Mr. Fall's home.

Albert B. Fall was a criminal lawyer of no particular note, practicing only in the local N. M. Courts, up to 1901 to 1904, when he became assistant counsel for the El Paso & North Eastern Railroad, later the El Paso & South Western, now a part of the Rock Island system.

Shortly after becoming Counsel for this road, which enters Texas at El Paso, both he and its Chief Counsel W. A. Hawkins, were elected to the legislature of New Mexico. They at once forced thru that body a measure prohibiting persons having claims for damages against Rail Roads of New Mexico, that is claims originating in N. M. bringing suit for settlement in courts of other states! New Mexico was then a territory and its judges were appointed by the President and served both as Local and Federal Judges.

This legislation was specially designed to keep claims out of the Texas Courts, which state's laws were much more liberal and who's courts were not so completely under the domination of Railway Corporations. Thus did Mr. Fall begin to ascend the political ladder of privilege and prominence.

Next he became Chief Counsel for the Rio Grande-Sierra Madre & Pacific Ry., operating out of El Paso into the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. Shortly after this time this road had a bankruptcy proceeding and went into the hands of a receiver. Mr. Fall was made receiver, or became chief counsel and adviser for the receivership. This road was later sold and reorganized under the name of The Mexico North Western. It was purchased by The Pearson Syndicate, an English-Canadian corporation, promoted and headed by The Late Dr. Pearson, who went down on the ill fated Lusitania.

Up to the time Mr. Fall became connected with Railway Corporations he was a very poor man. After the receivership, sale and reorganization of the R. G. S. M. & P. Ry. he began to display considerable wealth. It became common gossip that Mr. Fall was a large holder of Mexican Industrial Securities. He built a palatial home on the mountainside, in a suburb overlooking El Paso. He later purchased a cattle ranch at Three Rivers, New Mexico, where he maintains a home. In 1910-11 the writer often delivered daily necessities to the Fall home in El Paso, he—the writer—being employed by a Meat and Supply house in capacity of deliveryman. Every order was sent there C. O. D. My instructions were "get the money or return the goods."

Mr. Fall is commonly known out here as The Texas Senator who represents New Mexico. And I might add, he has been both a democrat and a republican.

He began his career as a democrat but as he ascended the political height of ambition, his long ears were transformed into the elephant's snout, New Mexico being nominally republican.

So much for the man who is making an "impartial" and "disinterested" investigation into Mexican affairs. I shall now add some of my personal experiences to the volumes already gathered on Mexican "Terror".

Some Experiences.

During the whole of the year of 1912 the writer was employed by The Pearson, Madero Co. Ltd., a large lumber corporation, of the Pearson interests, already mentioned, operating at Pearson and Madero, Chihuahua, Mexico. I was located at Pearson, in the very heart of the so called Red Flag Rebellion—Arasco, Solazar-et-al. Many bands of rebels came and went away again. Likewise Federal Soldiers. The color of the flag floating over the

town changed often. Yet, strange to relate, the only blood ever spilled was let at a strictly American affair, a Thanksgiving Celebration, which terminated in a drunken brawl, and for which no one was ever punished.

Business went right on, undisturbed except, of course, interruptions with railway traffic.

The only thing approaching a disorder was when the Rebels demanded the surrender of some firearms deposited at the American Hotel. This the management refused to do, declaring there was none there. But the Mexicans knew better, so they threatened to search the premises and seize the arms. They actually locked the proprietor up for an hour or two. The arms were later surrendered by mutual agreement. The Rebels accepted for them and went their way.

There were frequent interruptions of railway service, consequently of mail service between us and the states. During all my stay I heard but one gunshot, an accidental discharge by a careless American. Yet, after these interruptions in mail service we would read in the American Press of battles, burnings, looting, hangings, murder, pillage and rape at Pearson and near by communities. Most of this we got from the local El Paso papers. These papers would print any lurid story purporting to come out of Mexico. Without attempting to verify it or giving authority. They would appear under the heading of "It Is Reported." Especially was this the policy of the El Paso Times, the Phelps Dodge Copper Trust (of Bisbee fame) sheet.

It is true that Mexicans did often take supplies without paying for them. At Pearson the Co. had a large merchandise store. They often got food and clothing there, giving only a receipt in exchange. But I never knew of them looting the place. Or even helping themselves, the officers often went behind the counters and assisted the clerks in selecting clothing for their men.

The Pearson-Madero Co. remained neutral throughout, consequently none of their property was destroyed except that of transportation.

It is true that they finally had to suspend operations, due to continued interruptions of transportation. They have suffered a loss of profits certainly. But this loss they charge up to the Mexican Nation, expecting it to be paid with interest when peace and tranquility prevail.

I passed out of Mexico several times during the twelve months. Not once was I held up, robbed or molested. This in spite of the fact that different factions controlled. Jaurez, the border port town, at different times. When returning I always brought considerable goods, tools and other personal effects, with me from the states. Not once was I charged a duty on them.

And only once was a passport required of me by the Mexicans. But on leaving Mexico finally, the train on which I was riding was held up by a band of Rebels near Chihuahua City. All persons were searched for arms. No money or other valuables were taken from any individual. But being in a playful mood, the "Rebels" sent the train wild into Chihuahua City, leaving us to hoof it some fifteen miles.

I am not pretending there has been no atrocities committed in Mexico during the ten years of Revolution and Counter-Revolution. Personally I know of a number of them. What I am trying to do is to show that there is no foundation whatever for most of those reports, and to establish the reason for their circulation. It is economic and is deep seated in the profit taking system and is exploited by those who would profit by intervention.

Bear in mind, Mexico has been in a state of war, more or less, for ten years. Compare the reported atrocities both in number and degree with those reported of other countries and other wars in like period and we find they are as but a speck on the atrocity world map, assuming they are all true, which they are not.

In this connection it is well to quote from another. A capitalist heavily interested in Mexican Oil. In the Ft. Worth Star Telegram, date March 1st appears a statement accredited to one Joseph F. Guffey of Pittsburgh, Pa. David Lawrence, newspaper reporter, reports Mr. Guffey as having said, commenting on a reported speech of Governor Lowden of Illinois, wherein he made the statement that affairs in Mexico were "deplorable". Says Mr. Guffey: "Probably an investigation would show that there have been more hold ups, robberies and murders in Illinois during Mr. Lowden's term than in the whole of Mexico in a like period." Mr. Guffey is a man of prominence in America, politically, socially and financially. He states further that most of this stuff about Mexico is propaganda of those financially interested in Mexico saying "The chief offenders in this respect are so called associations for the protection of American rights in Mexico." Mr.

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The Black Sheep.

CHAPT. XXVII. The Jungle.

It is not an uncommon sight for one travelling on the railroads just before entering some of our western towns, to see a small group of poorly clad men huddled about a camp fire on the right of way. Some times they are sheltered by a little shed made of old ties, at other times they are camped among the willows or other forest growth which grows along the track. Even when the men are not there the place is generally marked by a variety of old cans and buckets, store boxes, and other apparently worthless stuff. Also by a variety of names and initials carved on the trees and fences, and to spend the night in such a place is known as "jungling up."

The average person living in a comfortable home and having an income from business or otherwise as a rule has a very erroneous idea of the class of men that inhabited these places during the time of this story. They were not tramps in the common meaning of that word; they were migratory workers who followed the harvests and other seasonal occupations. This work was too poorly paid to allow the worker to establish a home and live with any degree of comfort, for no sooner did he accumulate a few dollars than he had to move on in search of new employment. This form of labor which is absolutely essential to American grain and fruit industry could not help but develop the rolling stone which in its rolling lost what little moss it was inclined to gather.

These men as a rule did not earn money enough to partake of the commercial hospitality of the towns or to ride on passenger trains. Their mode of travel was in box cars or on the roads under them, and their hotels were the places described at the beginning of this chapter. Here they stayed regardless of rain or storm while they waited for their next opportunity to board a freight which would carry them in the direction they wanted to go.

It was in such a place that Jack found himself the evening he tumbled down the railroad embankment and joined the group that was sheltered in the Culbert behind the cheery blaze that had attracted his attention. It was what they called a "jungle of some class." That signified that it afforded more than average shelter. It was located in a little ravine at the bottom of which was a culbert under the railroad grade. The men had stopped up the further end with railroad ties, dry grass, and tamped it with snow excluding the bitter north wind and in front of this they had built a fire. As long as the fire burned brightly the interior of the cave so constructed was comfortably warm but the moment the fire died down the cold struck in and chilled the inmates to the marrow. Thus it was that while two or three slept two or three were kept busy rustling wood to keep up the glim.

When Jack arrived at the bottom of the ravine he found that the men about the fire were just an ordinary group of "jungle birds." They were workers in search of a job and consequently like himself broke. One or two of them were extremely ragged and almost shoeless. Tired and footsore as the boy was he pitied them, and earnestly wished that he had the nine dollars which he paid the railroad company for the trip to his Montana job. It never dawned on him that if he had that nine dollars he might never have left that cave alive. In those days as now poverty was an essential to safety for the man who follows migratory labor.

There was but little formality of welcome except an anxious query on the part of the junclers as to the boy's financial condition. Or if he had any punk (bread) in his possession. When he informed them that a lone fifty cent piece was his only companion they immediately began to discuss what that would buy if the additional sixty cents they had in the company were added to it. The whole amount was now intrusted to one of their number who was delegated to go to the village about a mile down the road and purchase the trimmings for a mulligan. It may be well to explain what a mulligan is. It is nothing more than such eatables that can be scraped together and boiled into a stew which the hungry men eat with improvised forks and spoons generally cut from twigs of trees. The steaming hot mess has a wonderful revivifying effect upon any group of half frozen juncle Ambassadors departed to the village than two others were sent to raid the defenseless hen roost of a farmer who was known to live some where down the ravine. Jack having contributed the largest single share to the finance and being in an exhausted physical condition was elected to stay near the fire and rest and being more tired than hungry he laid down upon the frozen ground and fell asleep. His sleep was not dreamless however for the vision of hot soup drifted before his eyes and then again he saw visions of the little cabin on the shores of Couer d'Alene and Collins and Rudolph frying fish and arguing philosophy, and then again more pressant than all others he saw the bars of the jail at Anamosa and beyond them, the Auburn hair and blue eyes of Olive Anderson. He really slept for two hours but to him it seemed but a moment when the two men came tumbling into the cave with the mortal remains of a couple of old hens. They used the adjective old advisedly. They said that they had to go nearly two miles before they met a dog with whom they could talk business. They had no sooner deposited their prey in the large five gallon kerosene can which served as the jungle stew pot than they asked for the trimmings and were informed that the ambassador whom they had sent to the center of civilization had not returned with the articles of commerce, for which he was to negotiate. Suspicion was immediately aroused and threats were made, dire, horrible threats which

of course were not executed. If Jack had been a little more acquainted with jungle ways he might have quoted very appropriate scripture to those who did the threatening for with the exception of the boy every mother's son of them had done what their ambassador was doing there fore he might have said "he whom there is amongst you without sin, let him cast the first stone."

The fact was that their ambassador finding himself in possession of a dollar and ten cents immediately forgot his constituents. Every one of them were broke and he was a monied man. For it must be admitted that there is a vast difference between a dollar and he arrived in the village he forthwith entered the premises of "John Barleycorn" and there sailed the seas of happiness until the last penny had crossed the bar, after which the jungle Ambassador was forcibly evicted by a husky bar tender. It was about two o'clock in the morning when he returned to the jungle in what police judges call "an intoxicated condition". Jack was the only one who listened to his story of having met a friend who was hungry and too weak to come to the jungle, the others paid no attention to him. There had been no occasion when they told similar stories themselves. Needless to say when the miscreant returned the others had devoured the chicken and he was forced to continue his fast.

About five o'clock the next morning Jack followed his new found companions to a point about two miles west of the town and there in the morning twilight they boarded a west bound freight and clung to it until in the evening, when one of the group told them that they had better get off as the most blood thirsty rail road bull on the entire division was to be found at the next stop. They had however crossed the great divide and were well down on the Pacific slope where the weather was much milder—and the jungling easier. They camped for the night in an old cabin which evidently had belonged to a prospector in days gone by. Two of the group now went to the town to do a little "pan handling" and they invited the Ambassador of the night before to go with them leaving Jack and a young fellow who called himself "Boston Slim" to arrange matters in the cabin. The Ambassador was rather ill having had nothing but whisky for about fifty hours. The other two were in no happy frame of mind toward him, so it happened on the way to town that they forced him into an argument and gave him a sound drubbing after which he was dismissed from their company.

When the two arrived in the town of Mullen one went to a hotel and asked for an envelope and some stationery. He put the stationery in the envelope and wrote on the outside the address of Mrs. Sarah Jones, Leesville, Ohio, and went down the street. The first residence he came to he knocked on the door and told the lady who answered a hard luck story asking her to give him a postage stamp that he might send this letter to his mother for assistance. She did not have the stamp but gave him a quarter and so he went from house to house until he had gathered about four dollars. He returned to the cabin, loaded with the necessities of life. The other partner had taken less labor having simply taken a dressed chicken and two loaves of bread out of a grocery delivery wagon while the delivery man was in a house. There was a feast in the jungles that night and the next morning Jack walked into town and got his first job in the mines.

Once safely installed in the mine boarding house Jack was given a glimpse of another phase of the class struggle. He had been suddenly transplanted from the agricultural to the industrial proletariat and his analytical mind was not slow to discover that a man's industrial environment greatly modifies his mental processes as well as his physical habits of life and action. He noticed that there was a mining type, that there was an agricultural type and later on he would learn that each particular industry has tendency to draw to itself definite types of men and women.

He was employed as a mucker at first but in a couple of days he was given a job swinging a drill hammer. From the start he liked the work as it took him far into the bowels of the earth and by actual contact taught him much about the formation of rocks and the disposition of metalliferous ores. Eagerly he listened to every conversation the miners held upon the subject of formation, lodes and fissures, as well as upon the technique of working the mine, and in less than a week he caught himself using such terms as "dip, contact, talwall" as well as the different technical names of ores that the local mines yielded. But his contact with George and Herman, Rudolph and Collins had opened his mind's eye to the human side of the question. He could not help but ask how does this work effect the men engaged in it? How does it effect society as a whole? To what extent is the farmer dependent upon the miner? Can the miner exist independent of the farmer? This led him to interrogate his fellow workers as to their social conditions, and thru this discovered that the class war of which his friends had spoken and the foretaste of which he had experienced in the Anamosa jail was in reality the most diabolical fact in modern existence.

For the first time he learned that the Western Federation of Miners had been, and still was in a life and death struggle with the mine owners. They told him of the pitched battles which had been fought at Cripple Creek and other Colorado towns, of the thugs and gun men employed by the company to terrorize workers into accepting any conditions of servitude. They also told him that only the summer before the union miners in the mine he now worked had been taken and herded into a bull pen, guarded by companies of negro soldiers. These negroes seeing that the white men were confined and helpless had openly insulted and taken liberties with the

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